



# THE MAKING OF A HOME

A Sanctuary To Which Men Flee For Rest.

W. M. KINCAID'S SERMON

Strong Address Delivered at Central Union Church Last Sunday.

The following is the first of the series of sermons by Rev. W. M. Kincaid, on "The Making of a Home," and was delivered Sunday at Central Union Church:

Text, 1 Kings 17: "Come home with me and refresh thyself."

Home is among the holiest of words. A true home is one of the most sacred places. It is a sanctuary into which men flee from the world's perils and alarms. It is a resting-place whither at close of day the weary retire to gather new strength for the battle and toils of the morrow. It is the place where love teaches its lessons, where life is schooled into discipline and strength, where character is moulded.

Out of the homes of a community comes the life of that community, as a river from the thousand springs that gush forth from the hillsides.

We are all concerned, I take it, in the making of some home—our own home. One instrument out of tune in an orchestra mars the music which breathes upon the ears of the listeners. One discordant life in a household mars the perfection of the music of love in the family. We should make sure that our life is not the one that is out of tune. We do not need to worry about the other lives; if each looks to his own, that will do.

Not long ago there was an article on the new religious movement in France from the pen of Michelet, and I was much impressed with these words: "Build up again the family, the true and natural family. The home is the foundation of all. All life is built upon that. Where it is shaken, all is shaken."

Portuguese Evangelical Church, corner of Miller and Punchbowl streets, Rev. A. V. Soares, pastor.—Bible school at 10 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Sunday school at 10 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; conducted in English; W. A. Bowen, superintendent. Prayer meeting, Wednesday, 7:30.

Bishop Memorial Chapel, Kamehameha Schools, Rev. Silas P. Perry, pastor.—Sabbath morning, 11 o'clock.

Notices for this church column must be in this office by 6 p. m. on Friday. Otherwise the announcements will be run as the week before. There is no charge for these notices.

Central Union Church, Rev. William M. Kincaid, pastor.—Sunday school and Bible class, 9:30; public worship and sermon, 11 a. m.; P. M. C. R. prayer meeting, 6:30; meeting, Wednesday, 7:30.

St. Andrew's Cathedral.—1 a. m. Holy Communion; 10 a. m. Sunday school; 11 a. m. Morning Prayer, Litany and Sermon; (on the last Sunday in the month, Choral Celebration of the Holy Communion); 3:30 p. m. Pule Ahiahi; 7:30 p. m. Evening Prayer and Sermon. Dean, The Rt. Rev. the Bishop of Honolulu, Parish Priest, the Rev. V. H. Kiteat.

St. Andrew's Cathedral, Second Congregation, Rev. Alexander Mackintosh, pastor.—Sunday school, 9; morning service, 10:45; evening service, 7:30.

St. Clement's Chapel, terminus of the Boretana street cars, Punahou.—Sunday services: Holy communion, 7 a. m.; first Sunday of the month, 11:30 a. m.; matins and sermon, 11:30 a. m.; evening, 7:30 p. m.; Sunday school, 9:45 a. m.; daily prayer during the week, 7 a. m.; seats free; he chapel is served by the rector of Moakala.

Roman Catholic Cathedral, the Bishop of Honolulu.—Low masses, holy communion, 8 and 9; children's mass with English sermon, 9; high mass, with native sermon, 10:30; rosary, with native instruction, 1:30; solemn vespers and benediction, 7; week-days, low mass, 6 and 7.

St. Augustine's Chapel, Rev. Father Valentine, in charge.—Sacrament of the mass, 8:30.

Church of St. John the Baptist, Kalihiwaena, Rev. Father Clement.—High mass, 8; sermon and collection for the expenses of the church; rehearsal, 3; rosary, 4.

Church of Sacred Heart, Marquessville.

## CHURCH NOTES.

A Dawson City Salvationist, Brother Holm, lately sold a Cape Nome gold claim for \$10,000.

The Salvation Army raised by collecting boxes in the streets of Chicago \$400 for Galveston.

The Ram's Horn (undenominational) is taking a political poll of some 400,000 Christian voters. The latest summaries are: McKinley 3430, Bryan 2000, Woolley 1570.

The twentieth century fund of the Methodist Episcopal Church South foots up \$1,085,363.77, which leaves \$411,636.23 to be raised between this date and the 1st of January, 1901.

"What a sight it is," remarks The Independent recently, "to see the pagan empire of Japan protesting against the barbarities of a Christian nation engaged in war with China!"

Rev. and Mrs. G. W. Van Horn, two Cumberland Presbyterian missionaries to Japan, now spending a vacation in the United States, will sail for Japan on the China from San Francisco November 20th.

Apropos of the alleged discovery of letters "completely exonerating" Beecher, recently reported in the British press, Mr. S. V. White, Beecher's well-known friend, writes us that he knows "of no recent discoveries of any kind in the Beecher-Tilton trial."

A copy of Moody's life, by his son, W. R. Moody, has been given to every Free church minister, probationist and catechist in the Highlands of Scotland by Mr. and Mrs. Peter Mackinnon of Ronachan, with whom Mr. Moody traveled in Palestine.

The new home of Unity Church at Los Angeles was dedicated recently. Rev. W. D. Simonds of Seattle preaching the sermon. The contract for the building was \$12,000. There is no debt, but a handsome surplus left from the former site, to be put out at interest.

At the meeting of the synod of the diocese of Ontario, N. Y., Archdeacon Mills of Montreal was elected Bishop coadjutor of the diocese. The first balloting showed that Professor Roper of the General Theological Seminary was the choice of the clergy and the Rev. C. L. Worrell of the laity.

The First Baptist Church in Los Angeles will hold a nineteenth and twentieth century conference on December 31st and January 1st next in honor of what Christ has done and what they expect him to do. The Baptist churches of Southern California will be invited to come by delegates.

The installation of the Rev. Edward Cummings as Edward Everett Hale's successor in the South Congregational Church (Unit.), Boston, will be one of the most notable events of the autumn in New England. Dr. Hale has been the pastor of this church for forty-four years. His successor has until lately been assistant professor of sociology in Harvard.

The twenty-third annual session of the Montana Conference (South Metho-

Honolulu.—Mass at 11 a. m.; rosary, 2 p. m.

First Methodist Episcopal Church, corner Beretania avenue and Miller street, Rev. G. L. Pearson, pastor.—Regular services as follows: Sundays, 10 a. m., Sunday school; 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m., public worship and sermon; 6:30 p. m., Epworth League; Wednesday, 7:30 p. m., prayer meeting. A welcome always to all. Parsonage adjoining the church.

Rev. J. L. Pearson, pastor, will preach tomorrow on the following themes: 11 a. m., "Good Literature;" 7:30 p. m., "Some Great Sinners Ancient and Modern."

The Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints will hold services on Sunday in the Milliani Hall (near the Opera House) as follows: 10 a. m., Sunday school; 11 a. m., preaching, Hawaiian service; 6 p. m., Book of Mormon class; 7:30 p. m., preaching, English service. The subject will be, "The Kingdom of God."

Christian Church, Rev. John C. Hay, pastor.—Sunday school, 9:45; morning service, 11; young people's meeting, 6:30.

Chinese Church (Congregational), Rev. Edward W. Thwing, acting pastor.—Sunday school, 9:30; preaching service, 11; Sunday school in English, 2:30; evening service, 7:30; Wednesday, prayer meeting, 7:30. The pastor will speak in the morning on "Co-Workers With Christ." He will speak in the evening on "Story of Joseph."

Japanese Church (Congregational).—Services at the old Lyceum at 11 and 7:30 o'clock.

Japanese M. E. Church, M. Kikara, pastor. Rev. Tokimasa, associate pastor.—Sunday school, 10; morning service, 11; evening service, 7:30; class meeting, 8:30; prayer meeting, Wednesday, 8. Services at Waikahalulu Church.

Kawaiahae Church, Rev. H. H. Parker, pastor.—Sunday school, 10; morning service, 11; evening service, 7:30; preaching in English by Rev. W. D. Westervelt; Christian Endeavor, 6:30; prayer meeting, Wednesday, 7:30.

Rev. W. D. Westervelt will preach on

dist) met in Steenville, Mont., August 30th, with Bishop Duncan in the chair. All of the preachers were present. The reports show a membership of 1106; received this year, 136 members; church property, including church edifices and parsonages, worth \$77,900. The work is better manned than at any time in its history.

The new Presbyterian house of worship in Fullerton, Orange county, was dedicated on Sunday, October 14th. With the exception of one it is the largest and handsomest church edifice in the county. The usual collection for the debt was omitted, for the reason that there was no debt. The pulpit was made from a tree that grew in Fullerton, and all the work on it was done at home.

The Synod of California, which held its annual meeting recently in Berkeley, is divided into eight presbyteries, and has in all 279 ministers and 235 churches. The membership of the churches is 23,657; additions the last year on confession were 1332, by letter 1617. The amount contributed to the eight boards of the church was \$53,772; to miscellaneous benevolence, \$17,863; for congregational purposes, \$299,635.

"A month of Sundays," The Living Church says, "is of the same length as the ordinary month, because every day of the week is a Sunday with some nation. For example, the first day of the week is the Christian Sunday; Monday is the day kept sacred by the Greeks; Tuesday is the Persian day of rest; on Wednesday the Assyrians worship; Thursday is a holy day among the Egyptians; the Turks keep Friday, and the Jews Saturday, as their Sabbath."

One of the important religious meetings of the autumn will be the New York State Conference of Religion representing thirteen denominations, among them Trinitarians, Unitarians, and Jews. The general secretary is the Rev. Leighton Williams, pastor of Amity Baptist Church, New York. The conference will meet in the metropolis November 20 to 22. This is a movement toward religious unity in work; differences in religious forms and thought are frankly recognized and passed by.

Bishop Warner of the Methodist Episcopal Church tells in the Christian Advocate of the dedication of the first Protestant church in the Philippine Islands in Manila, over which Nicholas Zamora, a graduate of the Roman Catholic College in Manila, is pastor. The Filipinos paid for the property themselves, decorated the interior, lined the walls with texts from the Bible, instead of the images, and arranged for the service of the dedication, calling to their aid Rev. J. B. Rodgers of the Presbyterian Mission and Bishop Warner.

Dr. Morgan, the London minister who has just been called to the Central Congregational Church of Brooklyn, to succeed the late Dr. Behrends, is a preacher par excellence, not a pastor, and is to come with the understanding that he is to do no pastoral work whatsoever. "The distinction," says The Church Standard, "is a clear one, and action under it may be wise and just. Christian teaching, pastoral work, administration—the gifts which lead to large usefulness and success in these three departments of services are different. If a man is preeminently a

teacher of truth, he is not likely to be equally strong in other directions. Besides, time taken away from devotion to that in which he is highest may, on the whole, tend to a decrease of power. In our largest churches everywhere provision should, if possible, be made that strong men should work together, recognizing that there are diversities of gifts."

Although the population of England increases at the rate of about 300,000 a year, the number of Sunday-schools is everywhere decreasing. The London correspondent of the Manchester Guardian writes: "In the Church of England they have fallen off by 7,000. The Baptists report a decrease of 7,000, the Calvinistic Methodists of 4,200, the Presbyterians of 1,200, the United Methodist Free Church of 3,000, the Free Church of Scotland of 4,300, and other denominations complain of similar losses. The figures given show a decrease of 32,000 in one year."

The long-neglected grave of Annie Laurie has just been brought to public notice in England, and the discovery that it has remained all these years without a tombstone is attracting attention. "The St. James' Gazette" remarks: "Many people are under the delusion that Annie Laurie was merely a figment of the poet's brain, but this was not so. She was the daughter of Sir Robert Laurie, and was born in Maxwellton House, which stands on the 'braes' immortalized in the song. Maxwellton House is still full of memories of this winsome girl, and in the long drawing-room there still hangs her portrait. Her lover and the author of the original song was young Douglas of Fingland, but whether he, as is common with lovers of poetic temperament, did not press his suit sufficiently or whether she wished a stabler husband, she gave her hand to a prosaic country laird, her cousin Mr. Alexander Ferguson. They lived the rest of their lives at Craigdarroch House, five miles from Maxwellton, and when she died Annie was buried in the beautiful glen of the Cairn. Lady Scott Spottiswoode, who died early in the present year, was responsible for the modern version of the song."

Profane music has a well-known tendency to find its way into churches; but it is probable that nowhere are the secular and the religious spirit more intermingled than in the churches of the famous old St. Michael's church in Charleston, S. C., which rank next to those of Trinity in New York. A Charleston correspondent of the New York Sun writes: "The fact is that St. Michael's has been here so long that nothing seems wrong or improper when connected with it. On holidays and state occasions, the city of Charleston pays a sum to have the chimes rung, and it is on these days that the ragtime is played to a frizzle. It does sound rather weird to hear the chimes peeping out of the tune of 'I Guess I'll Have to Telegraph My Baby,' and then have it switch off to 'Oh, Mr. Johnson, Turn Me Loose.' When anything especially strong is desired the man at the keyboard gives a dash of 'There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night,' which does not always happen. On hot days, when the temperature is even higher than the top notes of the chimes, this fiend in the steeple makes one feel like dropping in the street when he gives the distinct tune of 'Oh, How'd You Like to Be the Iceman?'"

shone upon the towers of the castle and cathedral, at noon the same sun looked down into dark lanes and alleys that were full of filth, ugliness and misery. No brush can paint, no voice describe the degradation that has passed over society in this respect. We are living in an age that has capitalized the family, while the public building and the public life have been correspondingly subordinated. Today the home is the chief American institution, and the family is the unit of our civilization, exceeding in power all other institutions taken together.

Notice the influence which home has had upon human commerce and industry. The history of invention and tools is very largely the story now when some new want or hunger has arisen in the home, man has gone forth to invent the instrument for satisfying the desire of his loved ones. He has searched the forests for fowls and the fields for raiment; he has devised conveniences for kitchen and parlor, sought out remedies for wounds and pains, increased the material comforts that double life's joys and halve its sorrows. When Hawthorne first visited the British Museum and beheld the rude tools, weapons, idols and images that illustrate the upward progress of the race, he expressed the wish that every museum in the world might be burned, so that men should spend less time in the graveyard of history and more time in the open sunshine of the present civilization. But in the last analysis these museums tell us how the growth of the idea of home has changed the hut into a house, the rude blanket into the modern dress, the coarse print into the beautiful picture, the papyrus leaf into the modern book and magazine. To the primitive man burrowing in his cave, eating roots and berries in summer, starving and shivering in winter, God sent a new ideal, unvelving the home as a possible paradise, and what was the result? We see idleness changing into industry, listlessness into energy, animal contentment into ambition and aspiration, and love luring him upward. For the sake of his home, man will go into the wilderness and make it bud and blossom like the rose. For the sake of his home he will shiver in the Arctic searching for gold and furs; for the sake of his home he will burn in the tropics; for the sake of his home he will penetrate all forests, climb all mountains, brave all seas.

Because the intellect of man is nourished by the affections of the heart, therefore the influence which home has had upon literature and art and music. In one of the noblest pleas that man has ever made for his brother-man, Carlyle says that the best work of Robert Burns is that which concerns his childhood home, his early struggles, his hopes and ambitions. In seeking out his most popular poems we pass by all those which expose the hypocrites of the "Unco Guid," all those that teach revelers the joys of the wine cup, those that tell of woman's frailty, and we turn to those which tell of his home and love and friendship. His highest flight of genius is reached when he goes home with the cotter on Saturday night, and draws nigh to the cottage nestling under the green leaves in the quiet valley, sees the bonnie brier with its blossoms, the white blossoms of ivy creeping o'er the windows; sees the inner walls whitewashed to look like the driven snow; the Bible lying open on the stand, the mother singing by the hearth, and kneels again with these humble folk to commit the coming days and years to the mercy of the all-forgiving, all-guiding, all-faithful God. If we love and home, if we love the songs of Burns, it has been much the same with other great authors and poets. Asked to name the greatest work of any writer, it is always safe to name the one in which he has gone back to the scenes of his childhood.

Our favorite passages in Dickens, like the death of little Nell, and the impressive scenes in "David Copperfield," are biographical. Also the great chapters in Victor Hugo, and those lines of Tennyson and Lowell and Browning that men count immortal are those that tell the story of the joys and sorrows, the hopes and fears of childhood's home. Indeed, there is no great poem, no great drama, no great novel, whose theme is not home and love and God. Take home out of music and literature, and it would be like taking the warmth out of the sunbeam, the sweetness out of the rose, the soul from the body, God from the sky.

Notice the influence of home on morals. To millions of young men and maidens comes the dream of a home, and shall be a glowing center of peace and happiness, goodness and security. That vision touches the soul of the youth as with angels' wings and pledges him to be as brave and pure and worthy as his home is to be bright and beautiful. From the seem all pleasures and companions that do not refine the taste, keep sensitive to the presence, and ennoble the life. It is the vision of home that redeems the tolling multitudes of earth from obscurity, that transfigures drudgery and poverty. And later on when life's battle is fierce and that enables them to again bear up against the troubles that sweep down upon life like sheeted storms. Men there are whom we speak of as though they were wolves consuming their fellows. But underneath the cold, hard exterior there is an inner kingdom of beauty where love and tenderness dwell. This stern man, on a sudden, recalls the power of his childhood, the disadvantages that hindered his youth, the obstacles against which he struggled, and looking upon his own children, he registers the vow to give them opportunities that were denied their father. Did he who criticises so harshly but never it, the power of his brow is oil for the lamp of love.

Yes, it is home that underlies morals, and is the spring of light and beauty for the soul.

Home is also the foundation of power. When the philosophers affirm that every sage and seer and statesman has had a great father or mother they simply affirm that the home is the foundation of civic power and wealth.

Home also sustains vital relations to man's thought of God. There is one test of the civilization of a people that is infallible—its mental picture and conception of the Infinite. And with the home and the fatherhood of God has come the thought of God as a Father.

Two things are necessary for a home. The first is privacy. I remember once of going into a tenement house in a great Eastern city, and in one room by, no means large I saw four families, each in a little corner by itself. There could be no home under such circumstances. That that make privacy may be but the wall of a tent, but the home must be separate from every other home or it is not a home. You cannot have home in a boarding house or a hotel; on the other hand, you may have home in the poorest tenement. Four walls and a roof may make a home, but nothing less than that can make it. For privacy is one of the essentials of home; and you cannot have that in a boarding house or hotel, however luxurious they may be.

And then, love, and love in its fivefold forms—the love of husband for wife, the love of wife for husband, the love of parent for child, the love of child for parent, and the mutual love of brother and sister. The bed may be a cot, the table may be a deal, the chairs may be of pine, the floor may be sanded, and if love be an abiding guest, you have a home in the truest sense of the word. The home symphony can never be performed perfectly save by this quintet: father-love, mother-love, husband-love, wife-love, child-love, brother and sister-love. Given the song of love from these five voices, and the place where they can be by themselves, and you have all the necessary conditions of a happy home.

One thought more and my sermon is done. Home is the most vital of all institutions, as it is the oldest. All the nations have changed governments, have changed their structure; religion its creeds, its forms of worship, its methods of work; but the home is today in all that is essential what it was when the

world was young—one husband, one wife, and the children gathered about their father, I am a patriot and a lover of my country, but it would be better that the United States should be divided into many separate States, and these separate States into many communities as there are separate counties and townships, than that the home in America should be destroyed; for let the nation live and the home be corrupted, and the nation will go down into a death from which there can be no resurrection, but let the homes live in America, and out of a dismembered republic a new nation would grow up, fed by the home. I am a Christian; but I do not hesitate to say that the home is more important than the church. You might gather all the churches under the American flag together into one great pile, and put all the Bibles upon them and set fire to them, and burn them up, and you would not do so much harm to the nation as by eating out the life of the American home. For let the church live and the home die, and the church would die too, for it is the home that keeps the church alive; but let the church die and the home live, and out of the home nurtured by Christian fathers and mothers—first priest and priestesses in God's great temple—there would grow up a new church with a new worship, but with the same old reverence and faith and hope and love which have blessed the world from the beginning.

## SUNDAY SERMON.

(George H. Hepworth in the New York Herald.)

"One Lord, one faith, one baptism," Ephesians iv:5.

In our religious opinions we may differ, but in our religious feelings we are all alike.

Hunger is pretty nearly the same thing in everybody, and so is our gratification when it is satisfied; but each man has a personal preference as to the kind of food he desires.

In like manner, worship is almost an equal necessity with all of us, and the peace of mind which is the result of worship is almost equally the characteristic of each one; but our opinions as to the nature of the God to whom we kneel may differ very materially. In our souls we are close together, but in our minds we are very far apart.

One kind of theology appeals to me, but to you perhaps it is repugnant. Your theology, in turn, is entirely satisfactory to you, while to me it is by no means acceptable. Our theology is not any more the result of reasoning than it is of temperament. The man with a somber nature will inevitably gravitate toward the glooms of the Lord, and unconsciously avoid the hopeful passages of Scripture, while the man who was born an optimist will ignore these so-called terrors and cling to the forgiveness of the Father as an ivy clings to the oak.

It is impossible to make those two men think alike, and if it were possible it would be cruel to the degree of latitude of each other so far as our mental conclusions are concerned, but we can clasp hands when we speak of poverty, of self-sacrifice and of love. In our speculations you may go to the North pole, while I travel toward the South pole, but in our feelings we both side by side on the equator and say the Lord's Prayer in unison.

On looking over an old hymn book I was greatly impressed by a startling fact. All the representative hymns sung by all the congregations of Christendom were there. To my surprise I found that they were not written by men who agreed, but by men who differed in their theology. There were verses by a Quaker, or a Unitarian, or a Baptist, or others still of a Unitarian, and still others from the pen of a stern Calvinist. The writers forgot to be theologians and expressed the deeper longings of the heart, its confidence in the fatherhood of God and its belief in that other life where families will be reunited and the loved of the Christ shall be like the sun shining in the day with light.

And I said, when we speculate each man thinks for himself, but when we worship we worship all together. We may kneel at the Roman Catholic altar, or we may bow our heads in a Quaker meeting house—if we lay aside our theology and look at the reverent hearts, we shall find the same denomination—namely, the denomination of the children of God. It matters not who wrote the hymn that lifts us. If he wrote it in the spirit of worship he wrote it for the whole world.

When we live on the surface of life we have the theological quarrel; but for those who do not quarrel with us, but who are like Christ stood at the place where He laid the cornerstone of religion, we are all one, with an equal longing in our hearts, in the consciousness of divine brotherhood, and with the same inviting heaven above us like the roof of a great temple.

The more nearly we live the life of Christ the closer we find ourselves to each other. We are separated by opinions—that is, by our intellectual eccentricities; we are drawn together by charity, sympathy and love.

The profoundest needs of this world are honesty which cannot be detected from the line of duty, a high purpose, a faith which crowns righteousness as our imperial master, and a spiritual outlook which makes heaven and the earthly home close neighbors. Then we shall work toward the establishment of the kingdom of God and the reign of brotherly love.

## TRUE SYMPATHY.

If you have a friend worth loving Love him—yes, and let him know That you love him, ere life's evening Tinge his brow with sunset glow. Why should good words never be said Of a friend, till he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you, Sung by any child of song, Praise it—do not let the singer Wait deserved praises long. Why should one that thrills your heart Lack the joy you may impart?

If you hear a prayer that moves you, By its humble, pleading tone, Join it—do not let the seeker Bow before his God alone. Why should not your brother share The strength of two or three in prayer?

If you see the hot tears falling, Falling from a brother's eyes, Share them—and thus by the sharing Own your kinship with the skies. Why should anyone be glad When a brother's heart is sad? —Selected.